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The Puritan

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SANCTUM TALKS.

"THIS is Mr.—"
"Hearst."

"Oh, yes. You came in to—"

"Get your opinion of the *Journal*."

"I have nothing to say about the *Journal*, Mr. Hearst."

"But—"

"That is an opinion. Now about yourself."

"About me?"

"Yes. I feel sorry for you, Hearst."

"Why? I am young, ambitious, wealthy, clever—"

"Yes, and a pretty good fellow, but—oh, no!—not clever. That always implies a certain amount of originality."

"But—"

"But trying to beat a Jew at his own game isn't original. Now if you had done something good. If you had tried to make your paper—"

"Well, what?"

"Respectable, Mr. Hearst; that might have been a clever and original act for a wealthy young man in these days."

"Then you think my conduct—"

"Inexcusable. Were you poor, for example—dependent upon your pen to support a large family—you might have sacrificed your reputation to the extent of writing for the *World*, or a paper like the *Journal*."

"But I don't write for the *Journal*."

"No, something worse."

"What's that?"

"You own it, Mr. Hearst. Good morning."

THE DECISIVE TEST.

GILES: I'm in love with both girls, and can't for the life of me make up my mind which is the prettier.

MERRITT: Take them into a crowded cable car some day and see which gets a seat first.

TACT is being able to tell a lie without letting the listener know you know he knows you are not telling the truth.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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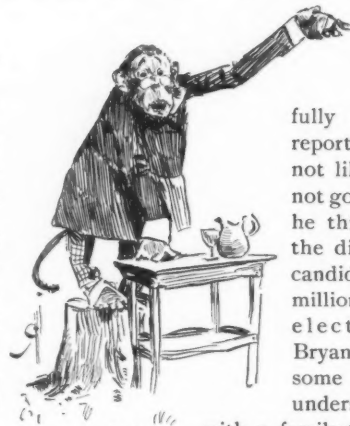
THE sympathies of the public have been much stirred by the painful experience of a number of gentlemen who were guests at a recent dinner party at a

fashionable restaurant on Fifth avenue. The narrative of what happened to them is still obscure, and is mystified by rumors, hints, assertions and denials; but the gist of the story, as the newspapers have given it, seems to be that the lawful merriment of the diners was checked inopportunely by the visit of a captain of police, who had been informed that an improper dance was to be given for their entertainment, and felt it his duty to intervene for the protection of their moral sense from a possible shock.

Whether such a dance was planned, and if so, whether any of the guests were aware of what was awaiting them, are matters which at this writing are unascertained. What is clearly true is that a number of gentlemen have been subjected to considerable embarrassment, that a police captain has been angered, that the Police Department has been driven either to censure or justify its agent, and that a good many thousand people, not personally concerned, have smiled and made jokes.

WITHOUT venturing to touch at all upon the merits of an incident of such delicacy, it seems not imprudent to question the expediency of introducing hired dancers to entertain gentlemen who have dined. Such a practice seems somewhat too Romanesque or Oriental to be quite suited to nineteenth century Americans, and if it is a current fashion it may be as well that it should receive a check. It was such a

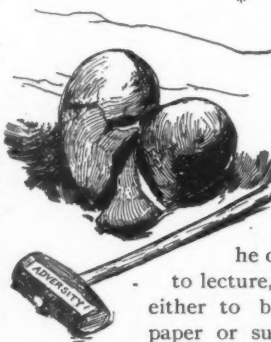
show, as will be remembered, that many centuries since stirred the enthusiasm of Herod to a pitch of rashness that led him to make a promise which he immediately regretted, and the fulfillment of which caused him personal discomfort and resulted disastrously to his reputation.



MR. BRYAN

seemed to have started his lecture course successfully at Atlanta, but the report has come that he does not like lecturing, and may not go on with it. Very likely he thinks it a little beneath the dignity of a presidential candidate who came within a million votes or so of being elected. No doubt Mr. Bryan's future is causing him some embarrassment. He is understood to be a poor man

with a family to support, including a horse which has been presented to him by Governor Stone, of Missouri. He is not distinguished in the practice of any profession—is not a great lawyer, nor a notable editor—his one remarkable exploit being his unexpected attainment of the Popocratic nomination for President. He seems to have a certain gift of oratory, and it is natural enough that he should seek to turn it to account in bread-winning. But he might not succeed as a lecturer, and it is easy to understand why he and his advisers should have forebodings as to the effects of an unsuccessful lecture-tour upon his political availability.



IT is too bad about Mr. Bryan—LIFE hopes that something will be done for him. Cincinnatus, after holding office, went back to the plough, but Mr. Bryan never owned a plough, and farming is unremunerative, anyway. He might go to Congress, if

he could get there; but if he is not to lecture, his natural course would seem either to be editor of a Popocratic newspaper or superintendent of a silver mine. His friend, Mr. Hearst, has both kinds of jobs in his gift, and has besides so great an opinion of Mr. Bryan's abilities that he wanted him to be President.

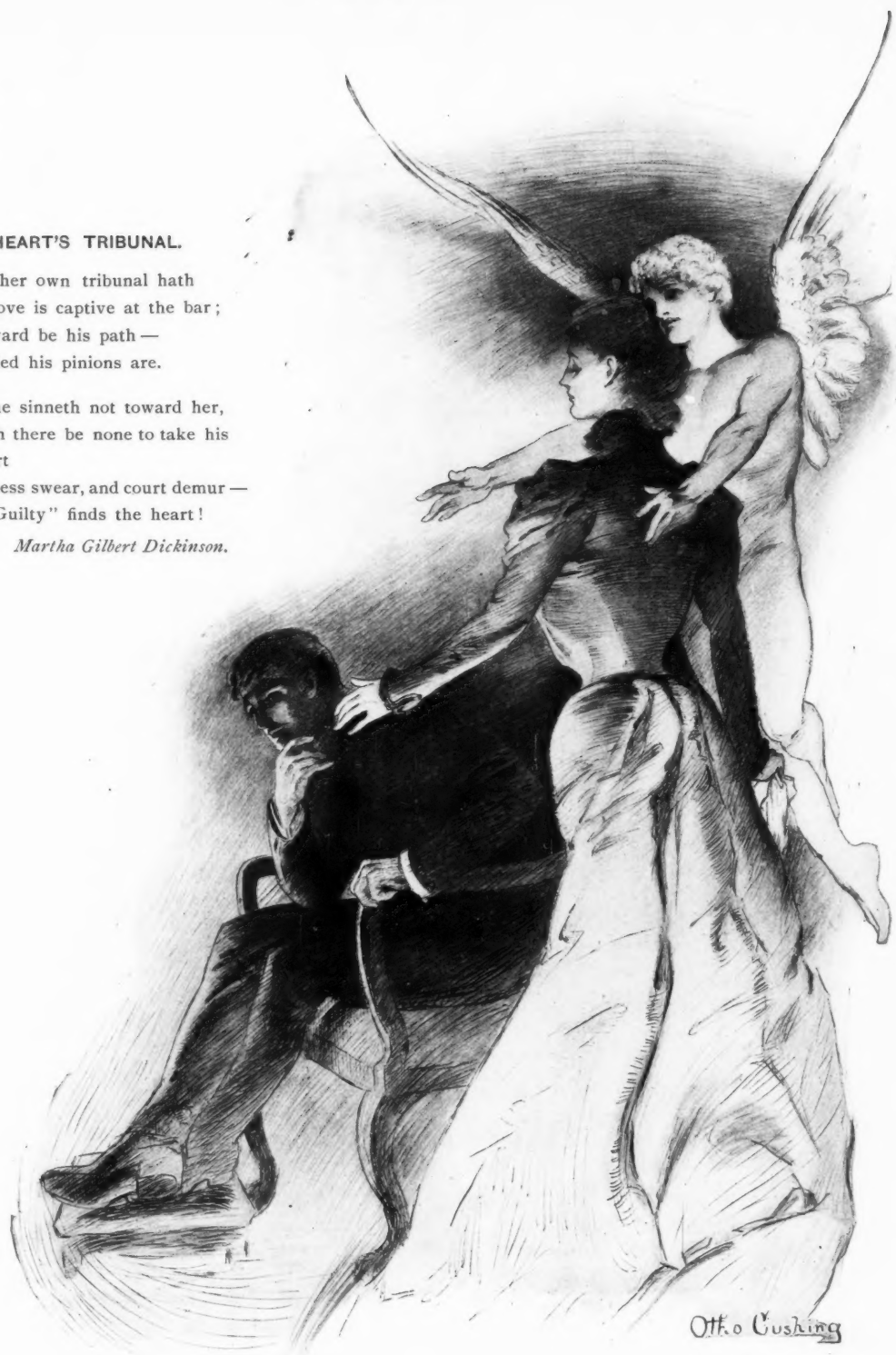
It might be profitable for Mr. Bryan to consult with Mr. Hearst about his future. He may be inundated with letters and with opportunities to talk politics for months to come, but neither political letter-writing nor political talk is immediately remunerative. He must do better than that.

THE HEART'S TRIBUNAL.

THE heart her own tribunal hath
When Love is captive at the bar;
However wayward be his path —
However soiled his pinions are.

Just so he sinneth not toward her,
Though there be none to take his
part
And witness swear, and court demur —
"Not Guilty" finds the heart!

Martha Gilbert Dickinson.



Otto Cushing



SOME FUN ON A TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

A PENSIONER.

"WAS Wipedunks a soldier during the late war?"

"I can't say; all I know is that he has been one ever since it closed."



"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH KANSAS?"

MR. WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, of the Emporia (Kan.) Gazette, wrote an editorial in the last campaign which contained the famous and startling announcement that "Kansas started in to raise hell, and is suffering from over-production." That and more of his racy and vigorous sarcasms traveled all over the country, and added to the pungent humor of a campaign that showed the dominant trait of Americans to be to fight to the death, but keep their temper.

On the heels of a reputation of that kind Mr. White has had the temerity to publish a volume of short stories entitled "The Real Issue" (Way & Williams). Reasoning from the analogy of all books that are published to take advantage of an accidental notoriety, one would expect to find these short stories pretty poor stuff. But the rule breaks down in Mr. White's case.

It is a pleasure to find that Mr. White has just as original ideas about story writing as he has exhibited in editorials. Moreover, the best of these stories are those in which he has farthest departed from literary traditions, and "sloshed around," as he would express it. When he tries to be "very literary," as in "A Nocturne" or "The Fraud of Men,"

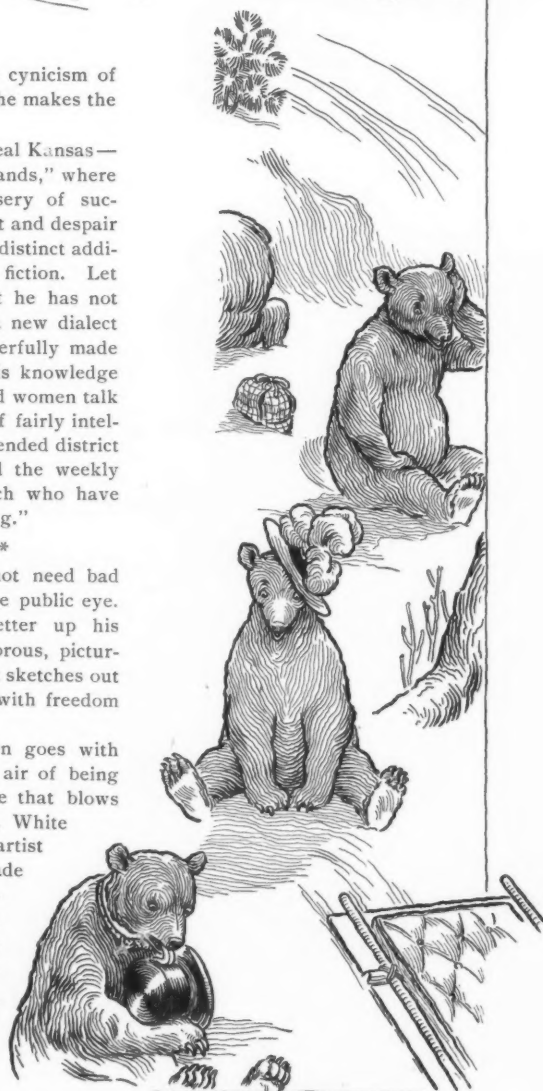
with touches of up-to-date cynicism of "The Yellow Book" kind, he makes the least impression.

But when he gives you real Kansas—as in "A Story of the Highlands," where you feel the palpable misery of successive summers of drought and despair—he is at his best, and a distinct addition to the writers of local fiction. Let it be said to his credit that he has not sprung upon the public a new dialect that is fearfully and wonderfully made to impress readers with his knowledge of local color. His men and women talk the natural bad grammar of fairly intelligent people who have attended district schools faithfully and read the weekly paper, and hear men preach who have had considerable "schooling."

* * *

NO, Mr. White does not need bad spelling to catch the public eye. He has something far better up his sleeve—and that is a vigorous, picturesque style of his own, that sketches out a character or a landscape with freedom and definiteness.

That sort of thing often goes with bluster and swagger—an air of being the cyclone of the prairie that blows where it listeth. But Mr. White shows the restraint of an artist in knowing when he has made his effect. Touches of sentiment crop out all through the tales, to give the reality of experience to what is essentially tragedy. He shows that he knows there is no real tragedy without sentiment; that the permanently pathetic



thing in all real life is the suppressed and dwarfed affections of gentle beings environed by crude conditions and adverse circumstances that they cannot master. He also sees, with true eye, that the light of faithful affection often makes what from the outside seems repellant commonplace, a very dream of romance.

If the despair of Kansas is in Mr. White's stories, so also is the aggressive hopefulness and good sense that will ultimately be its salvation.

* * *
THE gem of the collection is not in a serious vein. "The King of Boyville" is a comedy of young

boyhood. The boy who could walk on his hands, hang by his heels, turn both back and forward somersaults, tread water and lay his hair, deserved to be King of his gang. But he fell into direful trouble when he tried to express his admiration for Heart's Desire. The humor of the whole proceeding is delicate and fine. Kansas may contain the "most picturesque lot of cranks on God's green earth"—but there is a man among them who can write a short story when he isn't sloshing around among the Populists. So here's a hand to William Allen White, of the *Emporia Gazette*!

Droch.



"HE STICKS AT NOTHING."

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS.

'T WAS the night after Christmas, and all through the flat,
Every creature was wide-awake—barring the cat;
The stockings were flung in a heap on a chair,
Quite empty of candy St. Nick had put there.
The children were all doubled up in their beds,
With pains in their tummies and aches in their heads.
Mamma heated water, while I, in my wrapper,
Was walking the kid (who is not a kid-napper);
When out in the street there arose a great clatter,
And I put down the kid to see what was the matter;
Rushed out in the entry, threw the door open wide,
And found an old gentleman standing outside.
I looked at him closely, and realized then
'Twas the doctor I'd sent for that morning at ten.

He was dressed in an ulster, to keep him from chills,
And his pockets were bulging with boxes of pills.
He came to the nursery and opened his pack,
Full of fresh paregoric and strong ipecac;
Rhubarb and soda-mints, fine castor-oil,
And pink sticking-plaster, rolled up in a coil.
The children all howled in a chorus of pain,
And the kid lifted up his contralto again.
He felt all their pulses and looked at their tongues,
Took all of their temperatures, sounded their lungs.
When he'd dosed all the children and silenced the kid,
He put back his medicines, down the stairs slid,

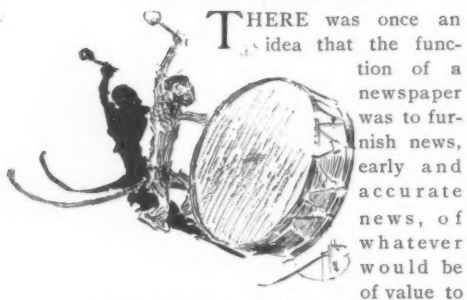
Jumped into his cab, and said to the driver
(In excellent humor, he'd just made a "fiver"):
"I'm twelve hours behind my appointments, I fear,
But I wish it was Christmas each day in the year!"

P. Familias.



La Fiancée: ARE YOU SURE, DEAREST, THAT I SHALL NOT BE A BURDEN TO YOU?
HE ASSURES HER THAT SHE WILL NOT.

SOME ANTIQUATED IDEAS.



THERE was once an idea that the function of a newspaper was to furnish news, early and accurate news, of whatever would be of value to its readers, on the reliability of which they could depend implicitly. It is now understood that the accuracy and importance of a piece of news are items not worth considering; a newspaper's main duty is to distance its rivals, and it must get ahead of them even if it has to manufacture its news to do so. It is also understood that readers are not half so anxious for news of importance as they are to be shocked and startled, and that full details of any particularly horrible murder or lynching far outweigh such trifles as the action of Spain in regard to American interference in Cuba, or the proceedings of the Venezuelan Commission.

It was once believed that as a news-

paper wields a great influence, so it incurs a great responsibility, and that the larger the paper the more incumbent it was upon the editor to be sure of the truth of all statements of fact, and the justice and fairness of all statements of opinion appearing in it. It is now well known that this is an antiquated scruple; that the only responsibility devolving upon an editor in this direction is in regard to liability for damages; and that the more ingeniously he can misrepresent the actions of the opposite party, or malign the character of a prominent man or woman, the better he is fitted for his post.

It was once supposed that decent people would not admit to their homes a paper dealing in crimes and scandals, giving columns to the latest sensational divorce, and dwelling upon such details of vice and degradation as would discredit a police gazette or put a modern problem novelist to the blush. The circulation of several of New York's great dailies shows what is thought of this matter now.

IT was once believed—but this was a long time ago—that a man who was responsible for the management of a great newspaper was not thereby freed from the restraints of ordinary good taste and decency. It was even supposed that he was still bound by the code that governs a gentleman's conduct. A man who, on no better authority than a rumor, would publish a charge against a man's credit or an innuendo against a woman's fame, would have been held just so much worse than the ordinary liar and scandalmonger as his falsehood was more widely spread and difficult of contradiction, while a man who would make a business of dressing up and presenting in attractive form the crimes and scandals of the day would have been held unfit for association with reputable people. In fact a man who, even under stress of the direst poverty, would be guilty of what is looked upon as the height of journalistic achievement in New York city to-day, would have been an outcast, cut by all self-respecting persons, and liable to be shot on sight

STANKWS.



TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

"HOW DID THEY MANAGE TO GET OLD SOAK TO SIGN THE PLEDGE?"

"SOMEONE OFFERED HIM A DRINK IF HE'D DO SO."

by some indignant husband or father.

When one thinks of these things, one is tempted to wish that one had lived a long time ago.



SHE WAS AMBITIOUS, BUT



THIS WAS ALL SHE REALIZED.



Suitor: "IN MY PRESENT PRECARIOUS POSITION, SIR, AND WITH MY SMALL SALARY, I DON'T THINK THERE IS ANY POSSIBILITY OF MY BEING ABLE TO SUPPORT YOUR DAUGHTER."
"THEN WHAT UNDER HEAVENS DO YOU WANT TO MARRY HER FOR?"
"BECAUSE I MAY LOSE THE POSITION I NOW HOLD."





A RHYME AFTER X-MAS.

WHEN good St. Nick rules his domain
And routs dull melancholy;
When Jack Frost on the window-pane
Paints Yule-tide masques of folly;
When 'neath the mistletoe I steal
My yearly kiss from Polly—
It is a happy chance, I feel,
That "holly" rhymes with "jolly."

Young Jack is happiest of boys;
A lucky lass is Polly—
For there's a wilderness of toys;
There's jewelry for Molly;
But when the bills, surpassing great,
Bring dismal melancholy,
Methinks 'tis most appropriate
That "holly" rhymes with "golly."

Harry B. Smith.



UNDER THE RED ROBE.

MR. STANLEY WEYMAN has achieved an honor greater than any that could be conferred by prince or potentate.

As compared with his present eminence, the Order of the Garter doesn't even occur.

His name is actually permitted to appear on one of Charles Frohman's programmes. Mr. Frohman's name happens three times in large type, and Mr. Weyman's only once, and in small type; but it is there all the same, and can be discovered by the close observer.

The proportion is something like this: **CHARLES FROHMAN—CHARLES FROHMAN—CHARLES FROHMAN.** Stanley Weyman; but it can be seen with a reading glass.

Mr. Weyman should not be unduly elated, though. Mr. Frohman would confer as much distinction on William Shakespeare, if he had the managerial ability or financial courage to produce one of that author's plays.

"Under the Red Robe" is an absorbing book, and lends its story fairly well to the uses of the stage. Being a

shorter tale, Mr. Rose, the adapter, hasn't been obliged to depart so far from the author's text as he did with "The Prisoner of Zenda." With the exception of *De Berault*, the duelling hero, the characters are less strongly drawn, and in that particular the piece cannot compare with the one whose success Mr. Charles Frohman has sought to imitate and rival.

The production of "Under the Red Robe" marks the return to New York of the Empire Theatre Stock Company. In its present composition the Company is a decidedly weak one. It lacks virility at every point, and a play like "Under the Red Robe," which calls for stronger acting than the sloppy drama which delights Mr. Charles Frohman's heart and pleases his particular constituency is far beyond its possibilities. Mr. Faversham as the murderous hero is out-classed completely, and should return to the ice-cream-soda line of work. Mr. Dodson, who has done some clever things in character acting, makes *Richelieu* an amusing little cuss, but fails utterly to convey any idea of force, craft, or power. Miss Viola Allen as *Renée* is once more Miss Viola Allen, somewhat more matronly in looks, but still possessing the charming little minor cadence in her voice which is a large part of her stock in trade. Mr. J. L. Finney, to whom was entrusted the humorous rôle of *Captain Larolle*,

A GAME OF FREEZE-OUT.



a French *Bob Acres*, was almost as funny as the south side of a barn. The other parts are small ones, and were done after a fashion.

If "Under the Red Robe" should prove to be successful, the credit will belong entirely to Mr. Weyman's story, for about the adaptation, the staging, or the cast, there is nothing specially to recommend it. The public taste is running to plays of the romantic school containing plentiful action; as it answers this description, the play may catch the popular fancy.

* * *

Among those present at the first production of "Under the Red Robe" were the Isaacsteins, Meyerbergs, Glassenheimers, Cohens, Levis, Wausenpulers, Bergenfelds, Erdnusses, Dreisteins, Baxterstrasses, and Solomonthals, who enthusiastically called Mr. Charles Frohman before the curtain at the close of the performance.

Metcalfe.

"ARE you acquainted with any society people?"

"Oh, yes, I know a thing or two."

BRIGGS: Simmerson, the inventor, says his wife doesn't even know what business he is in.

GRIGGS: Why has he concealed it from her?

"He is afraid she might get the impression that he could do odd jobs around the house."



THE TELL-TALE EYE.

SHE tried to kill me with a glance,
But I refused to die,
Because I saw a twinkle in
One corner of her eye:

A twinkle that she vainly tried—
Poor maiden!—to conceal,
Because she knew a secret hid
That twinkle would reveal.

That secret was a secret sweet,
Not e'en to self confessed:
That I, the man she'd kill, was he
She really loved the best.

Carlyle Smith.

WHY WE LAUGH.

"HUMOR," remarked the syndicate humorist, sententiously, "is a serious matter, and one requiring thought, effort and application. In our factory we prefer the diagrammatic to the epigrammatic joke; the rural reader demands plans and specifications, so that the point of explosion may be reached thoughtfully and soberly.

"Time was when the stove-pipe, the carpet-tack, the collar-button and the mother-in-law were staples; but fashions run in cycles, and these reliable old wares are laid away in tar-balls, to be brought forth for use in the middle of the next century. The goat, as a *jeu d'esprit*, still retains its youthful vivacity; it is a tradition rather than an entity, for in domestic New York it is dead—gone to the glorious company of the dodo and plesiosaurus. The tramp, the

colored chicken-broker, the Hebrew clothing dealer and the impossible Milesian are our staples to-day, varied by the pedestrian tragedian and the chemical-haired soubrette. The dweller in suburban places—the commuter—still is the *leit motif* of many bon mots. These are the stars of our comedy, and to serve them up weekly in new costumes and freshly-painted scenery is an anxious task. The Chicago foot has lost its freshness; but the stockyard and Oklahoma cowboy and desperado, when teamed with the syndicate tenderfoot, are still hilarious elements of fun. Yes! one would imagine the public would grow tired of these, but loyalty to

old friends is a touching American characteristic."

AN EARLY TRAIT.

IT was a late afternoon in winter. The streets were filled with a jostling throng, as little Teddy and his mother stepped from the crowded store on to the crowded street to wait for a cable car.

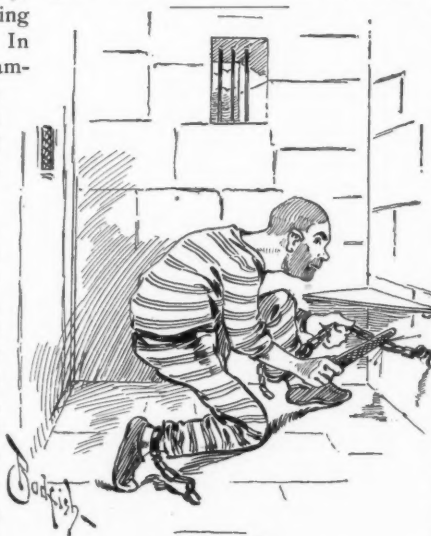
When it came, the tired mother lifted her four-year-old son up the steps, and climbed on herself. Entering the car, she dropped wearily into a seat. Soon she became aware that her boy was not with her, and turning, she saw him on the back platform and motioned him to enter.

"No, mamma," he called in his high, child's voice. "I'm going to stay here, 'cause I like to see the people that get run over."

Theodore, to-day, is an eminent vivisectionist.

BOSTON, having bankrupted Mapleson and boxed up Bacchante, may now resume its art studies at Jordan and Marsh's, and its archaeological researches in the subway, and have an opportunity to cool off its hot, indignant, Athenian blood.

THE rumor that a guardian is to be appointed for Mr. Russell Sage, to curb his extravagance, is not well-founded. It is a strange commentary on newspaper ethics that a gentleman cannot negotiate for a \$3.00 pair of "pants," marked down from \$3.69, without unworthy insinuations of this character.



GOLF.

A HARD DAY ON THE LINKS.

DONALD MACSLUSHEY IN PHILADELPHIA!

MR. DONALD MACSLUSHEY, our distinguished guest, has arrived safely in Philadelphia. It is perhaps needless to say that his journey was a continuation of ovations from an enthusiastic people.

In Newark, women fainted as the train arrived. Cries of "Dialect! Dialect! More Dialect!" rent the air along the route, as the immortal Donald was whirled southward on his journey.

At Philadelphia all business was abandoned. Crowds blocked the streets for many squares in the vicinity of the station.

The freedom of the city was presented him the next day at an impressive gathering of Pennsylvania's noblest representatives, on which occasion the Hon. Truefitt Blunt made the opening address. In the course of his remarks Mr. Blunt observed, with an enthusiasm beautifully repressed: "Who can tell us why we go mad and lose our heads over every harmless scribe that comes to us from Scotland? Why do we blubber over this pathos by the yard; these tales of

A RESIDENCE IN THE SUBURBS OF PHILADELPHIA AS IT APPEARED AFTER THE WOMEN HAD RUSHED IN TO SHAKE HANDS WITH DONALD MACSLUSHEY.



THE EXTERIOR.



ON AND OFF THE STAGE.

The Great Softspine (to his wife): DO HAND ME MY GLOVE, DEAR. I'M ALWAYS LETTING IT FALL.

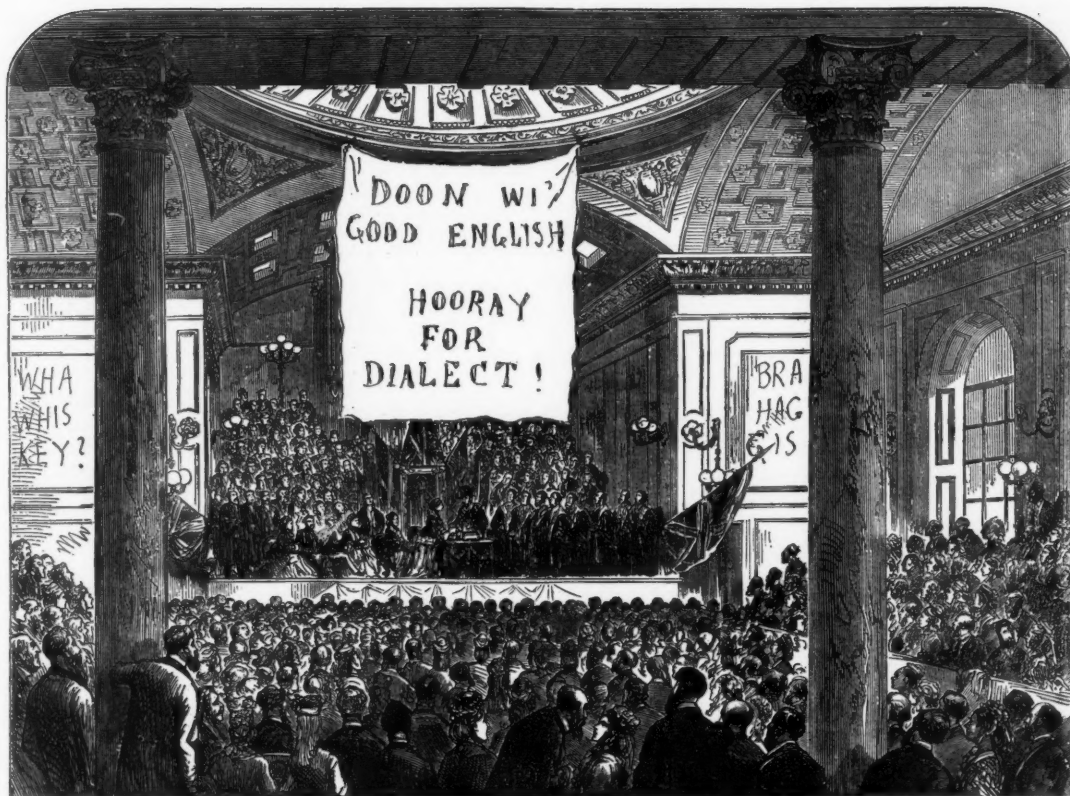


THE INTERIOR.

parsons, garnished with that least attractive of all human lingoes, the Scottish dialect?" As these words were uttered, eight hundred bagpipes burst forth into a glorious discordance, and women wept by hundreds.

But Mr. Macslushey calmed the multitude, and responded with celestial dignity:

"I dinna ken, mon, oonless it's because yer a nation o hysterical d—n fules that gush over onythin' wat's



THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA IS OFFERED TO DONALD MACSLUSHEY
BY MRS. WALLACE MACPIBROCH.

praperlee advertised."

At these words the enthusiasm of the multitude overcame all restraint, and the audience, as one woman, rushed upon the platform and fell upon the neck of Donald.

As Mr. Macslushey can go no further south than Philadelphia, his terrier—real Scotch—has been sent on to Baltimore and Washington, where he will bark in genuine Scotch dialect.

My Wee, Wee Galoot has reached its ninety-ninth edition, and the publishers predict a yet larger sale for *My Bonnie Profits*. Mr. Macslushey informed a LIFE reporter that the title of his next book will be *Goodie Goodie Mac Twoddle*, in which all the characters will be clergymen of unquestioned morality, and in which every scene will be tearful.

CIVIL SERVICE—The kind you get when the tip is big enough.



DONALD MACSLUSHEY AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FOUR. TAKEN THE VERY DAY ON WHICH HE WROTE THE FOLLOWING BEAUTIFUL LINES:

"Hoot awa', hoot awa'; trokes yir hoot tae hoot awa'."

WHEN the artist tries to sell pictures, he first learns what is meant by works of art.

ENOUGH, ENOUGH!

A MARVELOUS amount of slush has been published in some American newspapers about the recent entertainment of the Prince of Wales and his family at Blenheim Castle. Abundant reports came by cable, and a huge superabundance followed by mail. It appears to have been a social event of importance to Britons, and was fit, no doubt, to be chronicled at some length in the *Morning Post*, but LIFE marveled to see conservative American journals allot columns of space to its details.

An amiable young duchess beginning her social career in England is doubtless a spectacle of interest to her neighbors and acquaintances, but can it be possible that there are geese enough on this side of the Atlantic to make it profitable for editors to import descriptions of her visitors' party frocks?

The young Duchess of Marlborough has chosen England for her country and the English for her countrymen. Good luck to her, for she is young and seems to be gentle. But oh! good editors, don't imagine that the details of her social success make edifying reading for Americans.

ANT SCISSORS ANT NULLS

G. R. SIMS, the playwright, tells this story about Switzerland: A referendum was approaching its completion. The votes had been given and the chairman was ready to declare the figures. In this moment of anxious expectation, when the fortunes of the country were at stake, a voice from the public gallery was heard crying, "Waiter!" The result was instantaneous. The whole sovereign assembly of the Swiss people rose to its feet as one man and answered, "Yes, sir!"

—Argonaut.

THE grocer was weighing some sugar for the woman in the dyed blue bonnet, when the man in the black frock-coat and yellowish-white tie, who had been standing in the door for some minutes, came inside and laid a silver quarter on the counter.

"I picked it up on the floor, just at the edge of the steps," he said. "It must belong to you. A quarter or a thousand dollars, sir—it is the principle of the thing that I look at. I want nothing that is not mine. There is the money."

The grocer laid a large forefinger on the quarter and showed it back across the counter.

"You put dot money in your pocket, mein friend," he said.

"But, sir, you or one of your clerks must have dropped it, and it rolled over there. My motto has always been—"

"I believe," said the grocer, "dot you yoost moved your family in dot house agross the street dis morgen; was it not so?"

"Yes, sir, I did, and it being convenient, we expect to do a good deal of tra—"

"You put dot quarter back in your pocket right away. Dot was not mein quarter. You put him back in your pocket, und ven your wife come ofer vor dose groceries you vill remember dot my derms vas spod cash efery time."—*Detroit Free Press.*

BISHOP DUDLEY (Episcopal) of Kentucky, when he was hunting and fishing recently, made the acquaintance of an old mountaineer, who took a great fancy to him without suspecting that he was a bishop. When the bishop was about to go home he invited the old man to come to Louisville to hear him preach.

"Preach? Whut, you preach? Kin you preach ez well ez you kin shoot an' fish?"

"Better. No joke. Come Sunday with your best clothes, and I'll give you a front seat."

The old chap was there, right up in front, and remained until the bitter end, after which he hurried forward to shake the bishop's hand. "Parson," he cried warmly, "I don't know a great de about your creeds and dogmatics, but I've riz and sot with you every time!"—*The Wave.*

THE boys of Yale in the old days used to bribe the printers' "devils" to get proofs of the examination papers for them. When the college authorities put a stop to this practice, a bright idea seized one fellow, and he saved the whole suffering party. He hired one of the printers (it was summer) to wear a pair of white trousers to the office, and at noon to sit down on the "form" in which were locked the precious questions. The inky seat of that pair of trousers sold for a deal more than the clothes were worth in their original spotlessness.—*Argonaut.*

NEW ROOMER (sarcastically): Is this all the soap there is in the room?"

LANDLADY (decidedly): Yes, sir; all I will allow you. "Well, I'll take two more rooms; I've got to wash my face in the morning."—*Baltimore News.*

It is not generally known here where artists were more familiar than their faces—that George Maurier and Laurence Alma Tadema resembled another to an amazing degree; so much so that even their intimate friends mistook them. A young lady who prided herself that she had no difficulty in determining which was which, finding herself once seated next to Du Maurier, remarked: "I cannot imagine how any one can mistake you for Mr. Tadema. To me the likeness is very slight. By the way, I have a photograph of you. Do be so good as to put your autograph to it." Du Maurier, assenting graciously, the photograph was produced. He looked at it, sighed, and very gently laid it on the table. "That," he remarked, "is a portrait of Mr. Alma Tadema."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A FOREIGNER of German extraction, who had been in this country only a few months and could speak but little English, entered one of the big State street stores the other day, inquired for the manager, said that he was dead broke and wanted a chance to go on the road as a salesman for the firm.

"Have you ever had any experience?"

"Oxperience?"

"Yes—what have you ever sold?"

"My overcoat."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

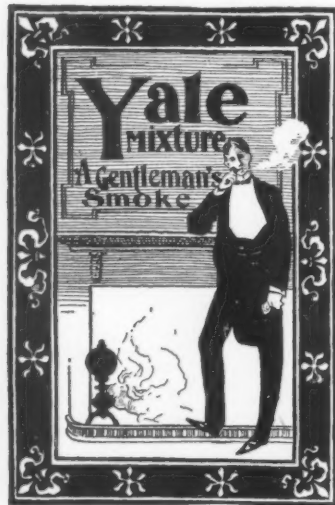
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—*Philadelphia Record.*

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— The Wave.

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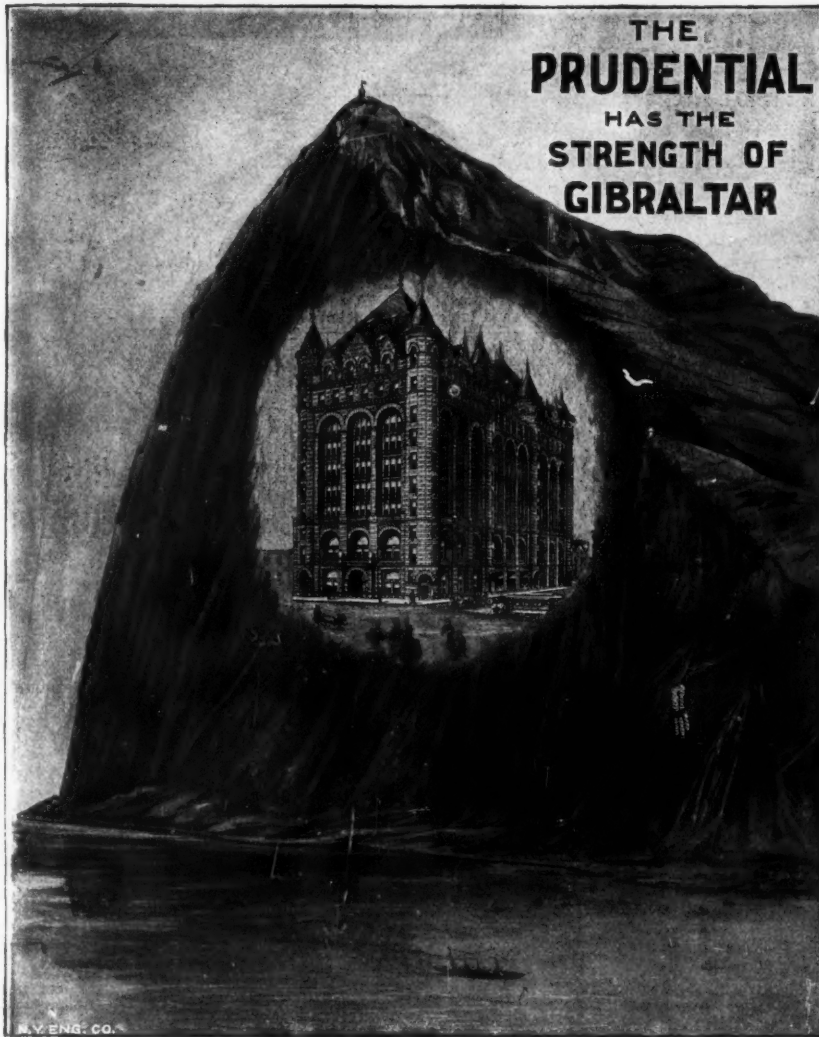
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